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Poetry.

A STORY OF SCHOOL.

BY WILLIAM B. HART.

The red light shone through the open door,
From the round declining sun;
And fantastic shadows all about
On the dusty floor were thrown,
As the factory clock told the hour of five,
And the school was almost done.

The mingled hum of the busy town,
Rose faint from her lower plain;
And we saw the steeple over the trees,
With its motionless, golden vane;
And heard the cattle's musical low;
And the rustle of standing grain.

In the open casement a lingering bee
Murmured a drowsy tune;
And from the upland meadows, a song,
In the lulls of the afternoon,
Had come on the air that wandered by,
Laden with the scents of June.

Our tasks were finished, and lessons said,
And we sat all hushed and still,
Listening to catch the purl of the brook,
And the whirl of the distant mill;
And waiting the word of dismissal that yet
Waited the master's will.

The master was old, and his form was bent,
And scattered and white his hair;
But his heart was young, and there ever dwelt
A calm and kindly air,
Like a halo over a pictured saint,
On his face, marked deep with care.

His eyes were closed, and his wrinkled hands
Were folded over his vest,
As wearily back in his old arm chair
He reclined as if to rest;
And the golden, streaming sunlight fell
On his brow, and down his breast.

We waited in reverent silence long,
And silence the master kept;
Though still the accustomed saintly smile
Over his features crept;
And we thought, worn with the lengthened toil
Of the summer's day, he slept.

So we quietly rose and left our seats,
And outward, into the sun,
From the gathering shades of the dusty room,
Stole silently, one by one;
For we knew, by the distant striking clock,
It was time the school was done.

And left the master sleeping alone,
Alone in his high backed chair;
With his eyelids closed and his withered palms
Folded, as if in prayer;
And the mingled light and smile on his face--
And we knew not death was there!

Nor knew that just as the clock struck five,
His kindly soul away.
A shadowy messenger silently bore
From his trembling house of clay,
To be a child with the saints of Heaven,
And to dwell with Christ alway!

Selected Story.

THAT ENGINEER.

'Now, George,' said mother, 'when you run into Chicago today, I don't want you to forgit that lamb's-wool. Them store-keepers 'll try to put you off, and say they don't have no such goods on hand this time o' year, but I want you to foller 'em up, and git it, for I want to go to knittin' yer socks for next winter. There's nothing so good for men's socks as fine, hard spun lamb's wool.'

'Not even yak, mother?' asked George mischievously, as he snatched up his hat and belongings, as if the alarm of fire had been sounded.

'I don't know nothin' about yak. That may do for wimmen's wear, but for men's, there's nothing like hard-spun lamb's wool.

'I'll remember,' promised George, fully primed and charged. 'Now, good-bye. Home on time at nine.'

The old woman's cheek had a flush like winter apples. George took a hasty nip at it—he always did when he started on his trips—looked at her with his big, cherishing eyes, received a mother's unspeakable reply, and dashed off to his engine.

It was a little after sunrise. His boots rang along the pavement, and his whistle rang along the breeze. George was handsome and strong, as twenty two has a right to be. He wore a blouse instead of a business coat; and that great, fresh, downy rose—his face—would soon be coated with the locomotive's breath. But he was a wholesome, splendid man.

Perhaps Jennie thought so. She was sweeping the front steps of her paternal mansion as he passed. Her hair was gathered atop her head in a curly coil, some crinkles of it just dropping over her forehead. The sleeves were pushed back from the pink, round arms for women, as well as men, when they go to work with a will, begin like a pugilist. Jennie had her morning complexion on. As her eye met George's, she put on an additional morning complexion.

George touched his hat, Jenny bent her head shyly. The young man squared his shoulders and walked on like a brigadier-general.

'That's a nice girl,' he communicated to his sleeve. 'Mother thinks a heap of her. She's got more sense than half of 'em, mother says. And she's smart and modest like in her ways. Mother says she's uncommon pretty, too.'

These opinions of mother's so edified him that he had not gotten Jennie out of his head when he leaped on his engine. But I suspect, if mother's verdict had been against her, he would have stood her lawyer. He was only making mother compliment his choice. He was skulking behind mother! For some young men are shy.

While he and his iron horse, and his row of baggage-cars and passenger coaches rushed across the land that hot day, nobody looked in the engine-cab for romance; yet there the fire of the world was glowing under a dark blouse. Nobody looked into it for integrity and worth; yet there stood six feet of integrity and worth, which had come up to manhood through thick and thin, and had carried his mother to comfort, and which kept his character like his burnished engine. Neither did anybody look in the cab for heroism; but it was there, potent and still, like electricity in a cloud. Ah, my countrymen are capable of some things? As for locomotive-engineers, I suppose there are men not of the best among them—as among parsons—but the deeds of some do speak for them. Now when one's mind has run in one channel for a length of time—or I might say, in more appropriate figure, when a train has gone over a great deal of road, some results are generally arrived at.

So it came to pass, when George dashed up the street in Chicago after his mother's lamb's wool, while his engine cooled, and the train was being made for the home trip, that he dived into a jeweller's store, and asked sheepishly to see some rings.

'Rings, eh?' murmured the salesman, looking amiably at the man of soot. For Chicago isn't afraid of coal-smoke. The men who bring her the dollars do not come in elaborate toilet.

'Rings,' emphasized George, 'and don't be afraid of your high-priced ones, with stones in 'em.'

'If I give her one,' in the parenthesis of his sleeve, 'I want it to be a ring that'll last, and always be fine and handsome, and do to go down in the family, like mother's.'

Diamonds, emeralds, opals, pearls, were flashed in his face, but still his fingers went searching.

'What's this?' he asked, picking up a small, strong circle, with amethysts set around it. 'Looks like a grape, sort of, when the sun shines through it.'

'That? oh, those are amethysts, Not as expensive as these jewels, but a very nice firm stone.'

'This suits me,' observed George, diving for his wallet; 'that is what I was looking for.'

So he paid for it, and darted out to hail a passing horse-car, tucking that little morocco case under bills, away down out of sight, as another secret was tucked under his left breast-pocket.

As he rushed back across the afternoon landscape, curbing his iron horse with this bit, giving him rein by another motion, making the village resound, watching his road with a keen, tender eye, George's mind rose to no greater height than meditation on how he should give that ring to Jennie.

'I'll ask her to take a walk—no I won't. Don't want anybody to see me, I'll shake hands with her, and sort of slip it on her finger, and then cut! Hang me! no I won't neither. Let's see. I'll go there a Sunday night and stand up to it, and have it out. If she'll have me, all right; if I ain't the man, I'll put it and my heart in my pocket, and reverse engine on the marryin' question.'

And just at this crisis of thought he saw cause for reversing the engine indeed.

Some men are rash to villainy. The conductor of a construction-train, which ought to be lying on a switch a mile away, thought he could make the next switch before the Chicago Express came by. So he tried it. He survived the disaster to telegraph his resignation to the company next hour, and go West.'

George—hair flying back from his forehead—hands like lightning—eye and mouth set, reversed his engine, whistled the brakes down—the fireman ran back—the engineer of the construction-train jumped—but George stood up to the alarm-signal till engine reared against engine, the baggage-car fell on a gravel-flat, and human yells went up out of the Express from mouths which were saved, but never a sound from the engineer who had stood at his post and saved them—and now lay half under his dear old Number 8, wrecked with it.

'There's been an accident,' cried Jennie, rushing into his mother's presence and causing the dear old lady to push her glasses quite into her hair. 'A telegram just came—'

'Not George!

'The express! oh, don't dear! No one was dangerously hurt but the engineer—it was a collision—he saved the train, they say! Oh, don't let it kill you!'

'Where's my bunnet?' groped the old mother.

'Here's your bonnet and your shawl.' Jennie wrapped both this and her arms around George's mother. Those tender young touches brought her on Jennie's neck.

'Don't you leave me. It's agoing to kill me to see him lyin' under them wheels, all tore up! The best son, and good and kind as an angel! Oh, how'll we git there? Oh, who's agoing to take me to my son!'

'I will,' promised the young woman, breathless and white, 'a relief train is going up.'

What they thought all that long time they rode, hanging to each other's hands—this childish woman, and womanly child, I know not. Do you think at all just before you open a black-bordered letter, when some awful charge threatens you? Do criminals think when the noose is round their necks? We sometimes exist without living.

It was warm summer dusk when the relief train slid slowly up to wreck. The passenger coaches stood intact. Men were chopping at the engines and broken flats. The people who had swarmed for hours, and nearly killed a man whom they were determined to lionize, now partially hived themselves in the new train.

'Mother!' breathed George, from his bed of coats, over which a surgeon stooped.

The poor old woman spun wildly round like a top, till Jennie righted and propelled her to George.

'The lamb's-wool's in my pocket,' he whispered, with a merry twinkling in his suffering eyes. 'And mother, pull out my purse, and give the little case in the corner to Jennie. 'Opens it,' motioning her ear nearer his lips. 'I bought that for you this afternoon,' his voice just reached her, 'and I was going to offer it, and ask you to marry me. Take it now, and I don't ask any questions with it. No woman would take up with a smashed affair like me.'

'Oh, George!' replied the woman, blazing out of all reserve, and piercing him through with her eyes of love. 'You splendid—hero—darling! I'd rather marry you now than any other man alive! And I'll work for you and your mother too, George!'

Upon which the engineer, with the passion of a man whose whole life is drawn to a single point, gathered her face over one of his shaking hands and made a full rose of the mouth, which he kissed—kissed till the whiteness round his lips stole over his whole face, and he fainted.

Jennie sat still under the stars, holding George's head, soothing his mother, and thrilling at the doctor's favorable verdict. Though her face was all streaked by her sweetheart's fingers, she was feeling some kinship to the great people of the earth through that engineer.

For a woman always values herself according to the quality of the man who loves her. And a king will make a queen, whether he be King of Spades, or King of Senates, or King of Engine-cabs.

Miscellaneous.

FOR THE HERALD.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

PUEBLO, COL., Oct. 12, 1882.

The most unattractive place in all Colorado, of its size and importance, is Pueblo. It is not so much the place itself, perhaps, as that it is situated on these alkali plains and has nothing beautiful or attractive in its surroundings. Yet the town is largely Mexican in its appearance, make up and characteristics, and contains a mixed population of Mexican herders, Western hoodlums and enterprising business men. It does quite a trade with the country south and west of here, and at one time aspired to be the rival of Denver as the chief commercial point in the State, or of this region; but these aspirations have apparently been nipped in the bud. It had considerable of a boom last year, but that has subsided and the prospects of this ever becoming one of the big places of the West do not seem to me to be very flattering. The water here is insufferably mean, and alkali dust torments you in every direction and at all times. In striking contrast with Pueblo is Colorado Springs, forty-five miles north of here on the road to Denver. It is the snuggest, prettiest and healthiest place in Colorado. No pretensions to commercial importance are made by it, yet a fair trade is done with the country round, while as a resort it goes far ahead of all others in this part of the world. Its hotels are full in the summer of Eastern tourists and in the winter miners and ranchmen from the mountains fill them up. One hotel keeper started in here on a small scale four years ago, entertaining guests at $1 per day. Business prospered, so that he has just built a new $15,000 hotel and is making all the money he wants. Another big hotel costing $50,000 is being erected by a company of whom Gen. Palmer, of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, is one. This same company owns the stock of the El Paso Land and Improvement Company and have the most complete printing establishment in the State, from which is issued the Daily and Weekly *Gazette*.

Among the new buildings erected at Colorado Springs this year are a number of handsome but modest residences. Shade trees are plenty in all the streets, and there is an air of comfort and neatness about the place not found anywhere else in Colorado. Manitou with its seven or eight mineral springs, and the most fashionable resort in the West, is only three miles distant. A narrow guage railroad between the two points carries passengers over and back for twenty-five cents, and does a lively business. There is nothing of Manitou but its hotels and the springs. The hotels are kept on the 'toney' plan, and charge a man four or five dollars for looking inside of them. But they are well patronized, in the season, by a wealthy class of tourists who go there both for the 'style' and on account of the spring waters, which are equal to any in this country. The season there came near being cut unusually short this year by a snow storm which occurred the last week in August and lasted three days. About two hundred guests left Manitou at that time, some of whom did not return. It is just at the foot of Pike's Peak, where snow storms occur every month in the year, and, of course, a squall will occasionally blow down the mountain, even in midsummer. Parties are climbing the peak from Manitou almost daily at this season, but the same persons rarely go more than once. It's a tough climb, and one hack at it is enough to last ordinary people a life time. The Government signal station at the top is about the lonesomest looking spot I ever saw. Though the most famous peak in Colorado, and seen at the greatest distance in all directions, Pike's is not the highest. Grey's Peak, twelve miles above Georgetown, is 200 feet higher—being 14,341 feet above sea level.

In the vicinity of Colorado Springs are some of the most interesting features of Colorado scenery. The 'Garden of the Gods,' where immense red granite slabs stand up on edge, some of them over 350 feet high, is one of the striking evidences of the great upheaval which has some time taken place here; and that volcanic action has also taken place is shown in the copper coloring of the rocks and by other marks plainly visible everywhere. Monument Park, a short distance away, is another of the curiosities. Covering an area of, perhaps, fifteen or twenty acres is a series of natural monuments of white sandstone so soft that the elements have formed them into the most fantastic shapes. Many of them are about the size of a human being and many are much larger. A strata of iron on the tops has protected them in that direction and preserved their original height. How many thousand years this work of the elements has been going on cannot be very accurately estimated, but it is one of the many natural wonders of the world. And right here in Colorado, more than anywhere else I have ever been, we find on every hand unmistakable evidences that six thousand years does not, as once supposed, begin to cover the period of the earth's existence. Not far from Monument Park is 'Glen Eyrie,' a picturesque little glen with a stream running through it, in which Gen. Palmer, President of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, has a handsome summer residence. Speaking of railroads calls to mind the sharp competition between the Denver & Rio Grande and the new Denver & New Orleans line. The fare between Denver and Pueblo, 120 miles, has always been $10, but under the stimulus of a lively railroad war both lines have been carrying passengers all summer for $1. Of course this cannot be kept up always, but it is certain that the old exorbitant rate will never be revived. The new road had a hard fight to get the right of way into Colorado Springs, owing to the opposition of the other line which controls so much interest there, but a favorable city council was recently elected and work on the Y into town is now going ahead. SPOT.

The nomination of the Hon. Thomas M. Waller as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Connecticut illustrates at once the splendid possibilities and incentives presented the youth of this country. Thirty years ago Mr. Waller was a poor and uneducated newsboy, earning his living on the streets of New York City. A wealthy citizen of Connecticut saw that the boy was bright, took him to Connecticut and gave him a fair education. Mr. Waller now stands at the head of the New Haven bar, and is recognized as one of the most eloquent speakers and untiring workers. He refers with pride to his humble beginning, whilst his fellow-citizens are proud of his upward career.

Poverty is in want of much; but avarice of everything.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD PIANOS.—A London contemporary asks what becomes of old pianos? If the wondering gentleman will come to the United States and stroll through the streets of a country village on a warm Summer evening when all windows are open he will hear an abundant answer to his question, though whether it will be satisfactory depends upon the enduring power of his ear. Pianos are manufactured in such great number in this country that there would seem to be enough to give each family a new one, but somehow the old one survive, and one entirely out of service is hard to find as a dead mule or a practical civil service reformer. Stranger still, it is impossible to find an old piano so bad that some dealer will not buy it and then find a purchaser who will put the old thing into his parlor instead of his wood yard. It is upon such ancient instruments that thousands of the young women of America 'practice' until they do not know harmony from discord, and until their neighbors thank heaven that pianos are not to supply the music of the celestial future. Unless the stock of old pianos is in time reduced, by some means that has not yet been indicated, it may become necessary for the preservation of human life and sanity to suppress these dreadful instruments by offering bounties for their destruction. A State which, like New York, pays thirty dollars to every person who destroys a full grown wolf, should be willing to pay at least as much to a man who will utterly demolish an old piano, for one of these mixtures of rusty wire and cracked sounding board is more discordantly noisy and discomforting than a whole pack of wolves could be.—*New York Herald.*

THE POLITEST MAN HE EVER HEARD OF.—Several gentlemen were talking about polite men they had met, when an old German, named Fritz, said the politest man he ever heard of was his uncle.

'What did your uncle do?' asked Gilhooly.

'Vell, you see, he was in a sheep, and dot sheep strike a rock, and go dat vasser down. All the passengers vas drowning dot vasser in, and mine uncle too. Shust pefore he got the vasser down, mine uncle takes off his hat, and say to de udder peoples who was splashing dot vasser in, 'ladies and schentlemens, I haf de honor to pid you good-pye,' and he sunk out of sight dot vassar in.'

Everybody present said Fritz's uncle was very courteous and polite, except Gilhooly, who remarked in his usual cynical manner:

'I don't think your uncle was polite at all, Fritz. He evidently had no manners, for he should have waited until the other passengers went down instead of crowding down ahead of them, particularly as there were ladies in the crowd. He was a selfish brute, that's what he was.

[*Texas Siftings.*

The man who has an empty cup may pray and should pray that it may be filled, but he who has a full cup ought to pray that he might hold it firmly. It needs prayer in prosperity that we may have grace to use it, as truly as it needs prayer in poverty, that we may have grace to bear it.

Training the hand and the eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects.

Knife wounds heal, but not those produced by a word.

What sunshine is to flowers smiles are to humanity.

Great truths are often said in the fewest words.

Perseverance is the best school for manly virtue.

Never known to get tired—Outstanding debts.

CHARMING FASHIONS.

Latest Things in Shoshone Clothes at a Laramie Emporium.

The season at the Shoshone Emporium, notwithstanding the backwardness of springs, opens up with many charming novelties in dress. Leaders in fashion are not confining themselves in any way to previous styles, but are aiming at startling changes and entirely original designs. The Louis XV costume in buckskin, with muskrat edgings, will be a favorite among the older and more sedate squaws, and the loose traveling suits made of wagon covers, with a dash of axle grease and seal brown tar, will be much worn before it is discarded. A redingote of antiquated logcabin bed quilt and draped at the back with loops of foulard horse hair or faillie loops of rawhide lariat, will be in favor with old and swayback squaws who are in half mourning.

The blue cavalry overcoat cape will be worn during the cooler evenings by giddy young squaws, with with such other gewgaws as their fancy may suggest. Middle-aged Shoshone matrons will also wear during the coming season for morning, a buffalo robe draped from the shoulders and held in place with iron picket pin. Afternoon costumes will be more dazzling, and will consist of a flour-sack bodice, fastened with metallic pants buttons of the time of Henry VIII, and festooned with spatter work of alkali mud and such other bric-a-brac as Indian taste may suggest. Ball costumes will be as heretofore, very attenuated and very sparse.

The infantry pants so commonly worn through the day will be exchanged for cavalry pants for kettle drums, and artillery pants for Shoshone hops. The trail will not be in vogue this year, the nearest approach to it being the tablecloth costume, held in place with embossed safety pin. The more frolicsome belles, however, will wear blue mosquito bar sash at the waist, and gents British half hose. This will be the favorite evening costume. Novelties in jewelry and ornaments of all kinds will be in great favor.

Necklaces of tin tobacco tags strung on copper wire will be quite common, and bears' claws alternating with the back teeth of amateur stockmen and strung on the E string of a violin will be worn a midday costume. Crinoline is once more recognized among the ton of the Shoshone society, and the hoop-skirt will be adopted there as a croquet suit as soon as the weather moderates a little, so that there will be no risk in wearing it.

Older matrons still wear the bustle, and when worn outside a pair of artillery pants it makes a unique and attractive promenade costume. A daughter of Sore-Pyed-Pelican is making a large number of mashes this Spring with a striped corset which she wears at all receptions and dress parties. A new caprice for morning wrap will be an imitation army overcoat with door-mat drapery. This will be worn too on picnic excursions in search of pitch-pine logs for the morning fire.

The hair will be worn plain in most cases, with bandoline of buffalo tallow and Oriental tar. The time-honored hair ornament of the tribe, consisting of entomological specimens of the time of Queen Elizabeth, will be shown on all occasions. Prudish old maids, with no special attractions in form of feature, have recently severely criticized the costume adopted, during the present month, by a bevy of Shoshone belles, which consists of an alpaca umbrella and a dash of red paint. While the suit is, of course, open to adverse criticism, it displays the figure better, and is far less expensive than the Jersey or pull-back of the pale-face.—*Bill Nye.*

Our characters are formed for good or evil from the company we keep. Confidence in our power to refrain from the vices of others too often inveigles us into the risk of mingling with associates we know to be our inferiors, both mentally and morally. The daily influence of such company will blind us to what we know to be wrong.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

THE TABLES TURNED A LITTLE.

'Is this seat engaged?' he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and, finding it wasn't he put his sample box in the rack, and braced himself for a solid enjoyment.

'Pleasant day,' said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue unkinked. 'Most bewildering day, isn't it?'

'Ye—yes, miss,' stammered the drummer. He was in the habit of playing pitcher in this kind of a match, and the position of catcher didn't fit him as tightly as his pantaloons.

'Nice weather for traveling!' continued the girl, 'much nicer than when it was cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?'

'Oh, yes; thanks!' murmured the drummer.

'Glad of it!' resumed the girl, cheerfully. 'You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you rather sit next to the window, and have me describe the landscape to you?'

'No, please,' he muttered. 'I—I'm doing well enough.'

'Can't I buy you some peanuts, or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy! Suppose I slip my arm around your waist! Just lean forward a trifle so I can!'

'You'll—you'll have to excuse me!' gasped the wretched drummer. 'I—I don't think you really mean it!'

'You look so tired!' she pleaded.

'Wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down, and I'll tell you stories.'

'No—no, thanks! I won't to-day! I'm very comfortable, thank you!' and the poor drummer looked around helplessly.

'Your scarf-pin is coming out. Let me fix it. There!' and she arrayed it deftly. 'At the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at destination, you'll let me call on you, won't you?' and she smiled an anxious prayer right up into his pallid countenance.

'I think I'll go away and smoke,' said the drummer, and hauling down his grip-sack, he made for the door, knee deep in the grins showered around him by his fellow passengers.

'Strange!' murmured the girl to the lady in front of her. 'I only did with him just what he was making ready to do with me, and big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men, and, besides that, there isn't any smoking car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing;' but she settled back contentedly, all the same, and at a convention of drummers, held in the smoker that morning, it was unanimously resolved that her seat was engaged, so far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.

[*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

Bad thoughts, if cherished, blight virtue, destroy purity, and undermine the stablest foundations of character. They are like rot in timber; like rust in iron. They eat into the man. And when the process has gone on for awhile, and there comes the stress of an outward temptation, down they go into a mass of ruin!

Every ship that comes to America got its chart from Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows the genius of a foreign inventor. Life is girt all around with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.

Reading is one of the greatest consolations in life; it is the nurse of virtue, the upholder of adversity, the prop of independence, the support of a just pride, the strengthening of elevated opinions; it is the shield against the tyranny of all the petty passions; it is the repealer of the fool's scoff and the knave's poison.

Error would be mobbed in the streets if she did not go disguised in the garb of truth.

Who would venture on the journey of life if compelled to begin at the end?

The devil has one redeeming trait. He never gives a boarder a cold room.